

## HOMES. HOMES

FOR SALE BY  
J. K. GILLESPIENotice—New properties every day  
I have houses and lots in all  
parts of the city for sale. Money  
to loan on mortgages. Houses  
rented and rents collected.

\$1550. A COZY HOUSE OF THREE  
rooms, wood cellar, granary, barn,  
etc.; lot on corner, south front, First South  
street, 21st Ward.

\$650. A BOICE BUILDING LOT 5x10  
feet, on 1st St. between 1st and 2nd  
streets, 1st Ward.

\$400. BUY A BUILDING LOT 5x20  
feet, on 1st St. between 1st and 2nd  
streets, 1st Ward.

\$250. A COZY BUILDING LOT 2x10  
feet, on 1st St. between 1st and 2nd  
streets, 1st Ward.

\$1,000. A LOTS TWO CITY NEW  
good cultivation, 4x6 rods, one  
block east of Main street, 1st Ward.

\$4200. A LOTS TWO CITY NEW  
good cultivation, 4x6 rods, one  
block east of Main street, 1st Ward.

\$1900. A HOUSE OF FOUR  
rooms, wood cellar, granary, etc.; lot  
on corner, south front, First South  
street, 21st Ward.

\$2150. A HANDSOME LITTLE HOUSE  
of three in one, high ceiling,  
newly papered, electric, bath, and porch;  
lot 45x65 feet of ground with nice  
planted fruit, splendid well of water and  
electric lights; plenty of ground for  
another house; on 1st St. between 1st and 2nd  
streets, 1st Ward.

\$600. BUY A NICE LITTLE BUILDING  
lot 1x2, 2x10 rods of ground; south  
front, eight blocks east from Main street;  
on 1st St. between 1st and 2nd  
streets, 1st Ward.

\$3,000. A HOUSE OF FIVE  
rooms, low window, porch, good  
cellar, lot 2x10 rods of ground, with nice  
large barn, good fruit, shade etc. Three  
blocks east of Main street.

## FOR RENT.

One or two furnished rooms suitable for  
husband and wife, or two gentlemen. Call at  
my office.Office Next to Walker House,  
MAIN STREET

## OX TRAIN FOR SALE

Freighters and Lumbermen  
can meet with an opportunity seldom  
offered now-a-days, to purchase a first-  
class outfit, consisting of Fifteen  
Yoke of Large, Fine Oxen, all  
carefully selected and especially adapted  
for road or mountain work. Also Six  
Wagons, completely rigged for freight-  
ing, with Yokes, Cranes, Shafts, etc., etc.  
Everything new and in first class order.  
The oxen have been well fed and cared  
for during the past winter, and are in ex-  
cellent condition for work. The outfit  
can be seen at Jubb Station, Utah Cen-  
tral Railway. For particulars apply to  
the office of Kimball & Lawrence, Kib-  
ball Block, this city.

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A. C. SMITH & CO.  
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OLDELEPHANT CORNER.

## PRESCRIPTION PHARMACY

Pure Drugs,  
Patent Medicines,  
Toilet Articles,  
And Everything found in a  
FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.

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At All Hours of the Day or Night  
by Competent Pharmacists.WHOLESALE ORDERS  
Priced as low as any Drug House in the  
Territory.

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WATCHES,  
JEWELRY

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BOILERS.

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hand, and building by

SILVER IRON WORKS

PRICES ON APPLICATION.

P. O. Box 1, Salt Lake City

## FAIR FRANCE.

Interesting Letter from a Salt  
Laker.MUE DE BAGNEAUX,  
PARIS, May 31, 1883.

"See Paris and die!" That is, if  
you don't die in the attempt, an  
event by no means impossible, if  
the medium of your endeavor be  
one of Cook's "personally (un) con-  
ducted excursions" via Dover and  
Calais, the route selected by myself  
and fellow innocent, as being in our  
unsophisticated and, as subse-  
quently proven lamentably deficient  
judgment, the one most conducive  
to comfort and personal security. I  
would not be understood by this as  
depreciating the utility of Cook's  
continental excursions, nor under-  
estimating the immense advantage pos-  
sessed by the neophyte tourist who  
adopts this systematic if not thor-  
ough system of sightseeing, in  
preference to the hap-hazard and  
almost totally useless plan of going  
it on his own hook. No; I simply  
mean to suggest that in crossing  
from London to Paris the traveler  
cannot do better than go by way of  
Newhaven and Dieppe, which  
though involving a sea voyage  
longer by ten hours than the other,  
and therefore enhancing the liabili-  
ties of *mal de mer*, will be found, all  
things considered, far superior to it  
in point of comfort, convenience  
and, ahem!—cost.

The English Channel, or from  
personal experience to speak more  
accurately—the Strait of Dover,—  
is not always rough, as is sometimes  
represented, nor was it on the night  
myself and friend left London,  
although a pouring rain was  
doing its best to make  
things in general appear so,  
while a no less energetic wind, after  
blowing out every lamp in heaven  
and shrouding all circumambient  
objects in the blackness of darkness,  
was careering in wild glee over the  
foam-crested waters, causing all on  
board who had come too late for a  
cabin berth, or voluntarily chose the  
luxury of a cigar on deck to the  
sickly odor of the saloon below  
(though why on earth smokers  
should be thus fastidious, heaven  
only knows) to forget everything  
else besides their overcoats, um-  
brellas, and the immediate proximity  
of the heat-breathing engine house.  
The rain, counteracting the effects  
of the wind, kept the waves com-  
paratively calm, and sea-sickness,  
that much dreaded malady, the  
rarity of which is the one redeem-  
ing feature of this particular route,  
if present at all was nowhere visible,  
and within two hours from the time  
of leaving the milk-white cliffs of  
Dover, our feet were planted for the  
first time on the soil of sunny  
France. True, it was not very sunny  
at the time, it being on the stroke of  
midnight, with a drizzling rain,  
every bit as wet as the one we had  
left in England, descending as fast as  
its French politeness would permit,  
or the water drops, like smugglers  
from a foreign port, could elude the  
lynx-eyed vigilance of the officials  
of the Calais custom house. Here  
occurred a delay of five hours,  
which we managed to while away  
in various pursuits, such as  
walking, talking, eating, sleep-  
ing, and studying mongrel  
French from the vocabulary fur-  
nished in our guide-books, all  
the while wondering, as we  
vainly strove to establish some sort  
of similarity in sound between our  
own crude deductions and the in-  
explicable jargon going on around us,  
what particular part Frenchmen  
played at the Tower of Babel to jus-  
tify the terrible judgment which  
ensued when they and their con-  
founded language were transmitted  
to succeeding ages. (Count de Cor-  
duroy, I shall not fight you on this  
point. You don't Harold Rout-  
ledge me.)

At daybreak we were aboard the  
Paris train—a board is good, for the  
train was all boards and nothing  
else—and were moving along, or  
were under the impression that we  
were, towards Amiens, the snail-  
like pace of our locomotive only  
equalled by the unrelenting solidity  
of the piece of timber we were sit-  
ting on. The former, however,  
though in connection with the latter  
most decidedly unpleasant, was of  
useful decided advantage—in one  
respect at least. For it afforded  
ample time in which to take in the  
surrounding country, which, though  
probably the poorest and most un-  
inviting in all France, was interest-  
ing and attractive notwithstanding,  
and improving with every mile put  
into the back-ground; till finally, it  
emerged into one unintermitted  
panorama of natural and artificial  
loveliness. The scenery through  
which we were passing, I  
was almost about to say  
pausing, was charmingly di-  
versified; orchards, gardens,  
parterres, meadows, hills, forests,  
streams and fields, alternating in  
pleasing variety or presenting a de-  
licious *tout ensemble*, with each  
succeeding picture, like a fashion-  
able Paris belle, endeavoring by dint  
of "all art yields or nature ordains  
decree," to outvie the charms of  
its rivaling predecessor. Every-  
where the peasantry were at work,  
busy as bees, building, carrying bur-  
dens or cultivating the soil—the  
blue blouses of the men affording a  
picturesque contrast to the white  
caps of the women—and as we  
leaned out of the window to enjoy  
the balmy breeze that came float-  
ing over the vine clad hills and flowery  
vales that lay dreamily reposing in  
the vernal sunlight—exposing our  
selves with impunity to a draft  
which would have sealed our death  
warrant on the other side of the  
channel—it was with difficulty that  
we could restrain a cry of rapture  
at the beautiful, romantic and in-  
strous aspect everywhere pre-  
sented.

France has her faults, and grave  
ones they undoubtedly are, which  
have already done much and will  
yet do more to undermine and bring  
her to ruin. But indolence is not  
one of them. "Lovers of pleasure  
more than lovers of God" as are  
her people in general, in the midst  
of all the wickedness and frivolity  
into which the vehemence and vola-  
tility of their natures seem to  
hurry them, there are redeeming  
traits in the national character  
which even their implacable  
enemies cannot choose but admire—  
aye and fear. Germany fears France  
to-day. Not as an armed antagonist  
perhaps, nor would she be likely to  
admit it if she did. But she fears  
her industry and undying patriot-  
ism. She fears the silent workings  
of that Herculean power which  
lifted in the twinkling of an eye  
from the bowed shoulders of this  
bent but all unbroken Atlas, the  
world of indebtedness which the  
iron hand of the Gothic conqueror  
had placed there. She fears the un-  
conquerable force of that aggressive,  
military enthusiasm which, in the  
better days of the Republic and the  
Empire, waved its triumphant  
tricolor in the pale face of conquered  
Europe and startled the ears of  
every despot in Christendom with  
the rattle and roar of artillery and  
its frenzied shouts of "*Vive le petit  
Caporal!*" She fears the smouldering  
fires of that ancient chivalry  
and patriotic zest which in later  
times would not rest till the last  
centime of war indemnity had been  
paid, and the last German trooper  
had recrossed the Rhine—that as-  
tonishing vitality which amazed the  
civilized world, that at one moment  
saw France crushed and bleeding  
at the feet of her proud and power-  
ful foe, and at the next beheld her  
on eagle's wings shaking from her  
bright plumage the dust and ashes  
of defeat and imperial despotism  
and soaring aloft as a republicanized  
phoenix in the proud consciousness  
of her resurrection to a newer and  
a better life. At least such is what  
a Frenchman would say, and I am  
none. But there is really  
no denying the fact that  
France is in a better condition  
now than before her fiery baptism  
in the Franco-German war. Ger-  
many, her foe, was really her friend  
in disguise. The mission of suffer-  
ing is to humble and to purify.  
France sadly needed the remedy,  
and Germany administered it with  
an unsparring hand. But in seek-  
ing to crush out the life of her Gal-  
lic rival, she gave her new life in-  
stead, or rather gave the old life  
new impetus. So that to-day, while  
the Teutonic empire is reputedly all  
but bankrupt, eaten up by the im-  
mense standing armies which she  
claims are rendered necessary by  
reason of French aggressiveness,  
and recommends as a grand contin-  
ental *coup d'etat* the still further  
reduction and dismemberment of her  
enemy's political power and domi-  
nion, her sometime victim, having  
recovered from the effects of defat-  
t, with armaments less mighty but  
with internal prosperity far greater,  
begins to gaze wistfully at captured  
Alsace and Lorraine, significantly  
drapes the memorial statue of Stras-  
bourg in black, and tightens the sin-  
ews of war in the early anticipa-  
tion of a future struggle.

But I must not soliloquize too  
long, or I will never get to Paris,  
which is precisely what I thought  
while the above reflections were  
passing—in much less time and  
space than are now required—  
through my cranium. A compli-  
ment by the by to said cranium.  
Suffice it that we finally reached  
there and were met at  
the station—not by the Eng-  
lish-speaking guide we had paid  
for and expected to be on hand to  
convey us to our hotel, but by the  
disappointment of finding no one to  
or from whom we could communi-  
cate or receive a single intelligible  
idea, and the annoyance and per-  
plexity of *parley vous* ing our way  
over Paris in quest of a suitable  
place to pass the night. Imagine  
us, if you please and can, hunting  
through the streets of the gay  
French capital for the Hotel de  
Bagneaux (pronounced Bahn-yo), but  
asking in our innocence for *bagno*,  
to the consternation and amuse-  
ment of the native populace. Oh  
couldn't I have punched the head of  
Thomas Cook & Son, if it had only  
been there! Luckily we met on our  
ramble a young Englishman who  
could speak American, or there is  
no telling but the Morgue might  
have had other tenants besides the  
three ghastly corpses which we saw  
exposed there on the third follow-  
ing day. It was Sunday afternoon  
when we arrived in Paris, but from  
the gaily decked shops and busy  
hum of trade everywhere manifest,  
no one but a confirmed Parisian  
would ever have suspected that  
such was the case. Paris knows  
but little of the meaning of the  
word Sabbath. The churches, which  
are plentiful, have no lack of pa-  
trons on that day, but, strange to  
tell, the same people who so  
devoutly worship in the morning  
attend the theatre and race course  
in the afternoon, and—dances at  
night. They say, and perhaps  
think, there is no harm in such  
things. Their argument in support  
of Sabbath-breaking is strikingly  
similar to what I have sometimes  
heard at home, from those who, for  
aught I know, still interpret the  
"day of rest" to mean bathing at  
Black Rock, carriage drives to Fort  
Douglas, or anything else under the  
sun excepting church-going, reading  
of the Scriptures and reflecting over  
the things which pertain to a future  
existence. But I mustn't moralize.  
I am in Paris, and must follow the  
fashion and plunge into the whirl-  
pool of frivolity. So here goes for a  
dive—not out of my depth I trust—  
and whatever I clutch and bring to  
the surface shall be yours and your  
readers in my next.

1-60.

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